

## HERE'S A LITTLE



## Pointer for You

I shall in this column endeavor to answer all correspondence that may be sent and urgently request young ladies to read this column, and any questions that they wished answered please send them in before Saturday of each week.

By Miss MAY CLEMATIS.

G. P. You should certainly take time and visit your friends.

G. M. You are too young to attend the G. A. R. ball. A girl of sixteen should have her mind on her books and not be thinking of receptions.

E. L. Don't think because you are not a school teacher that you are not as good as other people. You will not find all roses in the school. A girl must be able to do something other than teach school.

Elsie. Don't go into conspicuous places and then you will not have your name defiled.

Truthfulness should be the great moral precept of all young ladies. It keeps the confidence of a person to be always truthful.

The duty of young ladies is to conduct themselves in the presence of gentlemen to command respect.

Positions don't make men, although it seems hard for a man to be a gentleman in the estimation of some people except he is in office or holds an official position.

People who are not used to well doing are the most easy to become big-headed.

H. E. You must not be so easily discouraged. Nothing that is of real worth can be achieved without courageous working.

Matrimony is a very delicate business and should be looked upon from a serious standpoint.

It is not necessary to be too gay to be admired. Sedateness will carry you farther than anything else.

Don't be carried away by good looks. They fade away sometimes. Good looks will not support you.

An intelligent girl should not marry a man who does not like to work.

There is no sin meaner than ingratitude.

Eta. Don't talk your home affairs to outsiders. Strangers are not interested in your troubles, then again it is not the most entertaining topic that you can talk on.

Rosa. You are entirely too gay and conspicuous. Your friends are few and far between.

It is unbecoming for any young lady to talk so much about other peoples affairs.

He who is without patience will be uneasy and troublesome to all with whom he is connected. Patience, like a gentle disposition, can be cultivated. A fine dress in the eyes of some people covers more sins than charity.

T. J. Too much confidence in a person sometimes is as bad as not enough. Men are strange creatures. They seldom appreciate those that seek them. Manners are different but true politeness is always the same.

A person never appears so ridiculous by the qualities he has, as by those he affects to have.

It is easier to get a bad name than to retain a good one, therefore be exceedingly careful.

It is hard to deceive a sensible person, though the best of us are deceived sometimes.

Some people know it all in their own estimation.

Some girls like to be known and regarded popular.

Life is all a chance, like anything else.

Some friendship is like new clothes made to wear out.

J. A. You should make yourself useful as well as ornamental.

Always sympathize with the unfortunate.

Give some time to something other than dress. Sometimes dress ruins a girls reputation.

Louie. You can't help from being admired, because of your sweet disposition.

Whatever you do let it be done well.

Don't think that you are "all of it" simply because one chance to commend you.

It is not the so called friend that you must trust. A good friend never betrays.

E. L. You are alright to look at, but your ways are displeasing. The most popular person is the one with ugly actions.

Never sham, and by all means keep out of your friends face.

A man's worst enemy is generally himself, but a woman's usually her best friend.

An evil person can do more harm in one day than good can be done in one.

Young ladies who are in public service should be reserved and polite.

Don't be disrespectful to the aged. You may regret some day.

Vulgarity will suit the careless girl.

Let your language be refined.

Don't expect of others what you are unable to do yourself, neither criticize a person for accomplishing an act which you have not the ability to accomplish.

## DID NOT COME BACK.

Uncle Michael Fooled His Long-Lost Little Niece.

He Was Received Cordially and Tea Was Brewed for Him, But He Escaped Before Giving Up Any of His Riches.

And now Lady Gwendolyn would again be in a position to thwart the dark, Machiavellian schemes of Sir Reginald Montmorency de Guelph. She could hardly believe her eyes as she hastily scanned the letter once more that told her her uncle, Baron Rupert, had forgiven her on his deathbed and made her heiress to his vast domains and his rental of £20,000,000 a year. What could she do with this money? The fatality which from her earliest years had—

At this point in the exciting story, says the New York World, Mrs. Bessie Seeley laid aside her paper-covered novel and hastened to the door of her room on the third floor of 309 West One Hundred and Forty-Eighth street, for some one had knocked.

It was on the afternoon of July 18 last. Remember the date. She opened wide the door and a stranger, an old, old man, stepped over the threshold. His clothes were travel-stained and his face weather-beaten and lined with wrinkles, but there was a merry twinkle in his blue eyes as he said:

"Bessie, I have found you at last."

"Sir!" said Mrs. Seeley, drawing herself up with dignity.

"You—you do not know me," faltered the old man. "I can hardly blame you, child, for you have never seen me before. But I would know you from your likeness to your mother. She was my sister Bessie, and I am your old Uncle Michael. I have come all the way from England to find you and to place you in a position such as you should occupy in the world. I am very wealthy, little girl, and I shall



"SIR!" SAID MRS. SEELEY.

make you my sole heiress, for I am childless."

"Come in," said Mrs. Seeley, in a trembling voice. "Forgive me that I did not know you, Uncle Rupert—I mean Michael; but, as you say, I never saw you before—and, indeed, I never heard of you. But there, there—don't look so distressed, uncle, dear. Sit you down and I will do my best to make your declining days peaceful and happy."

The old man took the proffered chair and sighed deeply.

"I am very weary," he said. "I have come a long, long way to find you. Brew me a cup of tea, Bessie, for it will strengthen your old uncle."

There was no tea in the house, but Mrs. Seeley, all a-flutter with excitement, untied her apron, put on her hat, and said that she would run down to the corner grocery and get some tea and a pound of tripe. She would not be gone five minutes. She went, and on her way into the house met her newly-found uncle in the hallway.

"Run up and brew the tea for me, Bessie," he said. "I will be back in a minute. I have forgotten something—a little surprise for you, Bessie; just a little surprise your old uncle has for you."

"Bless his dear old heart!" murmured Mrs. Seeley to herself as she ran up the stairs. "He is so thoughtful. And to think that it is just like the story I was reading. Oh, I wonder if I shall have £20,000,000 a year like Lady Gwendolyn. It is a great deal of money."

And then she brewed the tea for her rich old Uncle Michael and waited for his return. That was on July 18, as has been stated. She waited all the afternoon. Then she grew a trifle suspicious. She discovered that her husband's alleged gold watch, an heirloom, was missing. It has been missing ever since.

But the other day Mrs. Seeley found her Uncle Michael again. She saw him on Eighth avenue and called the attention of a policeman to him. He was arrested, and at the station-house said he was Michael Egan, 68 years old, of One hundred and Seventy-fourth street and Jerome avenue. He said he had never seen Mrs. Seeley before and denied emphatically that he was her uncle. But Magistrate Zeller had his doubts and so held Uncle Michael in \$1,000 bail in the Harlem police court for trial.

**Chinese Are Fond of Ducks.**

Ducks are the most numerous fowls in China, and form the chief animal food of the Mongolians. They are kept on every farm, and on all the lakes and smaller streams. There are many boats in some of which as many as 2,000 are kept.

**Pens Made of Bamboo.**

Bamboo pens have been used in India for over 100 years. They are made like the ordinary pen, and for a few hours' writing are said to be very serviceable.

## CLEVER BUNCO GAME.

Obliging Saloonkeeper Loses a Ten-Dollar Bill by a Deft Change of Envelopes.

Abraham Johnson, proprietor of a New York saloon, discovered the other morning that he was the victim of a new bunco game.

A well-dressed stranger entered Johnson's place and bought a glass of beer. The man was standing at the bar drinking when another stranger appeared. The latter threw a ten-dollar greenback on the counter and asked to have it changed. Johnson did so. The other stranger then asked to be given the bill in exchange for silver, as he wished to inclose it in a letter



HANDS IT TO THE SALOON KEEPER.

which he was going to send to Chicago.

Taking the letter from his pocket, he handed it to the saloonkeeper and asked him to tuck the bill inside while he took the change from his pockets. Johnson carefully folded up the bill and handed the letter back to the stranger, who sealed it and put it in his pocket before he started to count out the silver coin.

After going through the handful of money which he had drawn from his pocket the stranger announced that he did not have change enough by 35 cents. He then pulled the letter out of his pocket and handed it back to Johnson and asked him to hold it while he went back to the Endicott hotel and got more money.

The envelope of the letter bore the Endicott advertising. The unsuspecting victim turned and put the letter in a money drawer and the stranger walked out. His partner had preceded him by a few minutes.

Next morning Johnson, who had been wondering why the man did not return for his letter, needed ten dollars, and decided to open the letter and extract the bill. His surprise was great when he pulled out three sheets of blank paper and no bill. He realized that the letters had been changed on him.

A description of the bunco men has been furnished the police.

## WEIRD SNAKE STORY.

Reptile of the Garter Variety Had Established Headquarters in a Cow's Udder.

A countryman, says the San Francisco Chronicle, called at the store of Polk Miller one morning with a pail of milk in which a snake about six inches long curled and wriggled. The countryman declared that the snake had made its appearance in the milk pail that morning, being passed from the cow in the milking operation.

The truth of the story was vouched for by his daughter, who was in the



A COMMON GARTER SNAKE.

act of milking when the snake made its weird appearance. The countryman brought the milk and snake to Polk Miller's store for analysis and an opinion as to the availability of the milk for any use, coming as it evidently does, from a nest of snakes.

Agent Taylor, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who was in the store at the time the milk and snake were exhibited, declares that the latter is without doubt a common garter snake, and everyone is wondering how it came upon its strange abode.

## Enoch Ardens Are Plentiful.

Enoch Ardens are numerous in South Africa. Many Boer women, on learning that their husbands had lost their lives on the field of glory, married again. Now that peace has been established, some of the husbands (supposed to be dead) are returning to their homes, to surprise their spouses.

## Our National Beverage.

The greatest coffee drinkers are the Americans. Last year the importations of coffee cost the people of the United States \$32,000,000. The greatest tea drinkers are the English, the greatest wine drinkers are the French, and the greatest beer drinkers are the Germans.

## PASSION FOR DRESS.

It Is Undermining the Morals of Some Society Women.

Many Get Their Most Splendid Apparel by Giving Mortgages on Property Held in Trust for Their Husbands.

Dinner gown mortgages, or, to be more accurate, mortgages because of the dinner gown, are now included among the financial transactions of New York's fashionable women. To the fashionable dressmaker belongs the distinction of being primarily their projector and promoter, says the New York Sun.

The fact might never have been generally known had it not been for a visiting Frenchman, who, thoroughly impressed with some interesting information on the subject, gained one evening from a lady whom he had taken in to dinner, availed himself of the very first chance to talk it over at the club. Then the interesting members hastened to parade their knowledge before certain of their women friends, who in turn eagerly communicated the facts to other women not in the secret, and so the news spread.

Like some other foreign visitors, the Frenchman, during his stay in New York, marveled at the superb dinner gowns which met his eye wherever he went—marveled quite as much at the variety of them, each more splendid than the last, included in a society woman's wardrobe, as at their apparent costliness; and before long he was ready to believe that in no other country of the world is money spent so lavishly for women's clothes as in America.

He noticed, of course, that in point of magnificence the dinner gown leads all the rest, and that, although the



REFUSED HER OFFER.

ball gown might be almost passed and comparatively inexpensive, the dinner gown of a woman in society invariably reaches a high water mark of newness of design, rich materials and costly embellishments.

These reflections and others he confided with enthusiasm and in his best manner to his partner at the aforementioned dinner, at the same time naively expressing surprise that so very many American women were able to lavish such piles of money on one particular article of apparel.

The lady at his side listened beamingly, and at the end of the champagne course became delightfully communicative. Said she:

"If you will promise not to betray me I think I can let you into the secret of how some of the less wealthy women in the social swim manage sometimes to get several thousand dollars' worth of dinner gowns in a single season. The reason is simply this: They give their dressmaker a mortgage on real estate."

The Frenchman looked blank. The lady proceeded:

"The American man, as perhaps you know, has got into the habit of deeding over to his wife some particular bit of real estate, preferably a city house, not so much from an impulse of generosity as because the transaction may prove to be a safeguard should financial disaster overtake him later. For that reason there is a host of married women, as well as unmarried ones, who own valuable realty both in and out of New York. I myself own the house I live in—a circumstance which my dressmaker seems to know as well as I do.

At any rate, not long ago when I went to her establishment to look at a lot of new French gowns just brought over, and in consequence found myself quite depressed because I could afford to order only one of them sent home, she took me aside and confidentially whispered that I could order as many gowns as I wanted, and be in no hurry about paying for them, provided I gave her in return a mortgage to their value on my house.

"I stared at her in amazement, and then, of course, refused her offer point blank, whereupon she coolly remarked that she was very particular to whom she made such an offer, and that already several of her best customers had purchased a quantity of evening gowns on those very terms."

## Settlement of New Jersey.

The first settlement in New Jersey was made in 1664 at Elizabethtown by Puritans from Long Island. Newark was settled by Connecticut people in 1666. Burlington, a Quaker town, founded in 1677, was one of the capitals of the colony. Perth Amboy was the other, and it was thought for a long time that it was to be a greater city than New York. The population of the colony was estimated at 22,500 in 1715, and at about 75,000 in 1750.

## ATTENTION LA S

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## Turned Girls' Heads.

"Do you see that tall chap, Pedro? Well, he has turned many a girl's head."

"But he is neither handsome nor rich."

"I know that."

"Then how did he turn girls' heads?"

"With his preparation. He manufactures hair bleach."—Philadelphia Record.

## A Foolish Question.

Dora—Oh, I'm in such distress of mind, why do you persist in cleaning your clothes with gasoline? I am loved by three men, and I don't know which to accept.

Clara—Which one has the most money?

Dora—If I knew that, do you suppose I'd waste precious time running around for advice?—N. Y. Weekly.

## Under False Scant.

Cholley Tenper—Heavens! old chap, why do you persist in cleaning your clothes with gasoline? Everybody you pass can smell the dreadful odor.

Harold Hallroom—Is that a fact?

Cholley Tenper—Certainly.

Harold Hallroom—Just imagine how many people will think I own an automobile!—Town Topics.

## More Talk for Less Money.

Mrs. Crimmonbeak—They say that woman, by getting into different occupations formerly monopolized by men, are reducing the scale of wages.

Mr. Crimmonbeak—Yes; that's right; and I see now we've got women lawyers. I'm glad of that.

"Why?"

"Well, they'll charge less and talk more."—Yonkers Statesman.

## Continuous Performance.

The Doctor—The boy has evidently been eating too much between meals. The Father—Nonsense! A boy can't eat in his sleep.

The Doctor—How do you mean?

The Father—I mean that each meal of his begins when he gets up in the morning and doesn't end till he goes to bed.—Philadelphia Press.

## Quite a Difference.

Mr. Wallace—It seems to me that if ever a bachelor realizes his unhappy lot it must be when he is in bed ill.

Mrs. Wallace—Yes. There is a great difference between a hired nurse and a wife. If he goes to throwing the medicine bottles and things at the nurse when she happens to hurt his rheumatism she will leave.—Tit-Bits.

## He Was an Angel.

"It's easy enough," remarked the melancholy man, "to make friends, but it's hard to keep them."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the other, who was jovial and wealthy, "all my friends consider me easy and are satisfied to let me keep them."—Catholic Standard and Times.

## Woes of the Collector.

"Did you get anything out of her?" asked the business manager of the collector.

"Yes, she paid me a compliment. Said she wouldn't be afraid to trust me with the money if she had it."—N. Y. Times.

## Thick.

Briggs—The electric light has gone out on the other side of the hotel piazza.

Griggs—Yes, I had to elbow my way through the lovers there just now.—Life.

## Apologetic.

"'Twas rude of you to treat me so." She spoke in accents soft and low. I answered then: "'Twas rude, although How much 'twas rude, I only know."—Brooklyn Eagle.

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Nothing in language is more fascinating than the shades of meaning which grow up around a word and cling to it and then gradually fall away, making room for others. No conspirator will ever plead guilty to a crime. Call it some more acceptable name and he will not object. Words, that is to say, have a moral character, and the invidious term is the one we repudiate with scorn. The man who prides himself on his close-fistedness would never admit that he is mean. Tell the implacable that he is resentful and he will plead guilty; hint that he is vindictive and he will slam the door behind him. One word is invidious, the other is not.—Portland Oregonian.

## In Japan.

A writer, describing scenes on Japanese railways, says when a native lady enters the carriage she slips her feet from her tiny shoes, stands upon the seat, and then sits demurely with her feet doubled up beneath her. A moment later she lights a cigarette, or her little pipe, which holds just tobacco enough to produce two good whiffs of smoke. All Japanese people sit with their feet upon the seat of the car, and not as Europeans do. When the ticket collector, attired in a blue uniform, enters the carriage he removes his cap and twice bows politely. He repeats the bow as he comes to each passenger to collect the tickets from them.—N. Y. Sun.